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THE MUSE.

Our sweetest Songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS NIGHT.

BY WM. E. RICHARDS.

It is not always night! Though darkness reign
In gloomy silence o'er the slumbering earth,
The hastening dawn will bring the light again,
And call the glories of the day to birth!
The sun withdraws awhile his blessed light,
To shine again—it is not always night.

The voices of the storm may fill the sky,
And tempests sweep the earth with angry wing:
But the fierce winds in gentle murmurs die,
And freshened beauty to the world they bring:
The after calm is sweet and more bright;
Though storms arise, it is not always night!

The night of Nature and the night of Storm,
Are emblems both of shadows on the heart;
Which fall and chill its currents quick and warm,
And bid the light of peace and joy depart:
A thousand shapes hath Sorrow to affright
The soul of man, and shroud his hopes in night.

Yet, when the darkest, saddest hour is come,
And grim Despair would seize his shrinking heart
The dawn of Hope breaks on the heavy gloom,
And one by one the shadows will depart:
As storm and darkness yield to calm and light,
So with the heart — it is not always night!

Detraction.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed forever to detract or praise:
Repose denies her requium to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
Behold the host, delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave;
Seize on each fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows;
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!

A CAPITAL STORY.

From the Union Magazine for November.

THE ALMS-HOUSE BOY.

BY MISS MARTHA RUSSELL.

'THERE, take that, and that, and that!' and Rhoda Tallman brought her hard hand against the ears of a some eight years old urchin, with a force and dexterity that would have done honor to any beetle headed professor of pugilism in America or England either—not excepting the famous 'Chicken' himself.

The boy was evidently used to it, for he did not shrink or dodge, but sustained the blows with a kind of dogged indifference. Retreating a step or two, she eyed him from head to foot a moment, and again went on.

'Now look at your trowsers—all plastered with mud! You have been through every mud puddle between here and the schoolroom. Shut up—not a word out of your mouth,' she continued, seeing him about to speak. 'Who do you think is going to pay me for rubbing the skin off my hands every week, to keep you decent—to say nothing of the wood or soap? Not the selectmen, I can tell you, for it's little enough they are willing to pay!' Then, as if, to use one of her expressions, she did not know how to keep her hands off from him, she stepped forward, and seizing him by the collar of a poor, faded, forlorn-looking jacket, she shook him very much as we have seen a snarling cur shake a kitten that had presumed to cross his path.

'There, now go into the garden and see if you can weed out the beet beds, and let me catch you picking green currants or getting down on your knees in the dirt, if you dare!'

The boy walked slowly away until he reached an angle of the building, when he paused and pouted his lips and clenched his fist in a manner that indicated anything but submission and respect. It was well for him that she did not turn as usual, to see that her orders were obeyed, but hastened in to join a visitor whom she had very impolitely left alone, while she performed this little scene.

After taking breath and assuring her gossip that 'she might thank her stars that she had none of the town poor to deal with, as they were the most provoking, idle, ungrateful, lying set of beings ever permitted to breathe,' she took up her work, and with it the thread of conversation which her violent anger at the sight of little Ned's mud-bespattered trowsers had broken.

'As to the family in the other part of the house, as I was saying, Mrs. Gadman, I know but precious little about them, but that is quite enough. I wish they had kept where they belonged.'

'Indeed! I thought you would be pleased to have some one in the house with you. Those rooms always look so gloomy and pokerish, that I am almost afraid to pass them after dark.'

Mrs. Gadman spoke mischievously, for she well knew that Mrs. Rhoda's bad reputation as a neighbor, was the principal reason why part of the house that belonged to her brother in law, remained unoccupied,—several of those who had tried it declaring that they might as well try to live in a hornet's nest as to live in the house with her.

'Yes, I dare say. There are some folks in the world who are always afeared of their own shadow, and can't be contented unless they are eternally surrounded by a whole gang of people,' said the old woman sharply. 'But I like their room better than their company. Thank Heaven, I am't nervous! As to ghosts and pokers, I had rather deal with all that ever walked than this woman's children. They are constantly cantering through the passage after something. Look at that grease spot,' she continued, pointing to a slight stain in the well-scoured floor; 'only yesterday the youngest took it into his head to run through here with a great slice of bread and butter in his hand. Of course he dropped it in the middle of the floor, and now, I may scrub and scour a month to get it out. But I am not going to have them running in and out here, and so I told them pretty plainly and her too.'

'What did she say?'

'Oh, she was mighty polite and pretty, so sorry that 'sonney' had made me any trouble, but 'sonney' must be careful and promise good Mrs. Tallman not to do so again. Sonney!—I'd have SONNEYED him if he had been my boy!'

'I dare say he deserved it. But how does the woman live! They say she is very poor. Mrs. White says she never saw such a mean load of furniture as they brought. Yet she looks respectable. I met her this morning as I was coming out of Darling & Brown's.'

'And she feels respectable too, I can assure you. But with all her maungement, it is easy to be seen that they are poor as Job. She has nothing to depend upon but her needle, but, la! soul, she is as particular about children's manners and language as a minister's wife. They must be sent to school every single day, learn geography and grammar and such like things, if she works her fingers off to pay for it. The oldest boy is learning a trade in the city, and I really believe that she and the children would starve during the week rather than not have something nice for him, on Sunday, when he comes home. Then such a ridiculous fuss as she makes over him, telling him about her plans and asking his advice; just as if the opinion of a 'prentice boy was of any consequence! She may be a decent sort of a woman, for aught I know, but one thing is certain; she has'nt any faculty to get a living or govern her children. There is nothing like keeping children under and making them know their places, neighbor Gadman; and if this widow Banks don't find out as much before she is many years older, I miss my guess. That precious boy of hers rules the whole roost now. It fairly makes me ache to see her manage them, for let my boys be what they may now, as long as they were under my thumb, they had to walk pretty straight. Happen what will, I have one thing to comfort me; it can't be said I spoiled them by indulgence.'

'Certainly not,' said Mrs. Gadman as she rose to leave, anxious to discuss widow Banks' 'ways and means' with a gossip who lived some rods beyond; and 'certainly not,' we repeat, Mrs. Rhoda, for when were thou ever guilty of showing anything like indulgence to aught beneath thy control? Rigidly just according to thy poor, meagre conceptions of justice, we grant thee—but 'indulgence',—why the fife-like tones of thy voice, the cold steady gleam of thy light blue eyes, thy pale, diminutive, froze-and-thawed visage, would be sufficient vouchers for thy innocence, even if we were unable to point to the dutiful example of thy strong-limbed, stout-hearted boys, who embraced the first opportunity to slip from beneath thy maternal thumb, and true to their early habits, have continued to 'walk straight'—away, without pausing to cast one look of regret at the home of their childood, or wishing, even in dreams, to see again their mother's face; but violent, selfish, and unprincipled, one now hunts the cunning beaver on our western waters, a savage among savages, and the other makes one of the crowd of nameless ones who swell the ranks of Taylor in the chapparals of Mexico.

Alas for thee, Mrs Rhoda Tallman! Alas for all poor, stinted souls, who have learned to recognize no higher law than mere physical force, who still cling to the old code of 'lex talionis' as tenaciously as if they had been born within the shadow of an Indian wigwam!

But, in justice to the old woman, we must add, that if she had lived more than fifty years without catching one echo of that angelic chorus of peace and good will, which for eighteen hundred years has quivered thro' the atmosphere of our globe, filling the heart of the listener with hopes mightier than death and the grave, it was, in part, owing to other causes than wilful ignorance.

Born in the midst of the squalid misery of the drunkard's home, where the very atmosphere was heavy with strife, curses and quarrels—alike the victim of a drunken father's rage and the ungovernable temper of a miserable, sorely-tried mother, what wonder that she grew up with some dozen more young immortals, ignorant, selfish and ungovernable?—As she advanced towards woman-hood, several influence operated to soften or rather conceal the sharp, disagreeable points in her character. At eighteen she became the wife of Jo. Tallman, an easy, good-tempered, indolent fellow, who after one or two futile attempts to enforce his authority on some disputed points, was obliged to leave the field to his shrewdish wife, and in a few weeks became submissive as a lamb.

As a child, in that abode of rags and drunkeness, Rhoda had been marked by habits of cleanliness and industry, at least, so far as they could be developed in such a place.—These characteristics, so well in themselves, had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, until they comprised, in her view, both religion and ethics. Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," speaks of a poor German woman whose highest conception of the happiness of Heaven, was to sit in a clean, white apron, and sing psalms. Mrs. Rhoda was a kindred spirit, though we are not quite certain that her ideal would be realized, unless there were some floors to scrub or stains to scratch out.

Jo. Tallman was a blacksmith: and it cannot be denied, that when he came in from the shop, his coarse shoes left many unsightly traces on his wife's nicely scoured floors, especially in damp, rainy weather, which were sure to call forth sharp words from her, and not unfrequently roused a spirit of bitter recrimination which left footprints in their hearts far more unsightly and difficult of erasure than those on the floor. The wordy conflict was unequal: Jo had no great development of the organ of language, being too easy to scold, and, by degrees, he discovered that he could enjoy himself far more to his mind in the chimney corner of the village bar-room than at his own fire-side, thus leaving his two boys wholly to the control of his "better half."

During their early years, by dint of scolding, watching and whipping, Rhoda maunged to keep her boys remarkably ignorant of the mysteries of making mud pies, measuring the depth of brooks, climbing fences and trees, and such like exploits, to which the mind of childhood "doth seriously incline." As they grew older, she by no means relaxed the pressure of her thumb; but by equivocal deception, and finally open falsehood, they often contrived to slip from beneath it, until in physical strength they became more than a match for her, when they treated her commands with contempt and defiance. This state of things was not brought about without many severe struggles on her part to retain her arbitrary control over them, and their home not unfrequenly echoed to high words of anger and strife. They soon followed their fathers example, and the tavern became their constant resort. It was not long before the evil influence of the place showed itself in the idiotic volubility of the usually quiet father, and the heightened color and braggart tones of the sons. But the wife and mother was the last to see this. She sat alone by the fireside, diligently plying her knitting-needles, and comforting herself with the reflection that "there is no loss without some gain." If they were absent, she needed much less fire; besides, they would not be littering her room with whittlings and other rubbish—the tavern is the place for such doings—a handful of dirt more or less, there, did not matter much any way."

Such was Mrs. Rhoda Tallman, from her youth up; and such was she when she took little Ned Norris to live with her,—hard, querulous and exacting.

Ned was one of

"Law's outcasts on the earth,
The child of love,—betraying and betrayed—
The blossom opened in the upas' shade."

So ran the rumor, for the mother poor, young, homeless thing, refused to answer all questions, and a few hours after his birth, exchanged the cold charity of the village almshouse for that of the grave.

When the child was about four years old the town magnates, in their wisdom, decided that it would be much less expensive to board out the few paupers dependent on them than to support an almshouse. Accordingly, at the town meeting they were set up at auction like any other town property save with this radical difference, they were struck off to the lowest instead of the highest bidder. Thus it happened that little Ned, after going the rounds of some half-dozen families that necessity or desire for gain had induced to bid him off at the lowest living prices, became an inmate of Mrs. Tallman's dwelling. He was a bright, quick-witted, impulsive boy, and young as he was, he did not fail to see, or rather feel, that the aim of each family was to make the most out of their bargain; and as they were generally people with whom cuffs were more ready coin than caresses, the consequence was that he became indifferent to punishment, careless, idle, and stubborn.

But the angel of mercy never wholly abandons the heart of childhood, and sometimes a gift from a schoolmate, (for the selectmen stipulated that the people who kept him, should at least make a pretence of sending him to school) or a kind word from the teacher, would stir his better nature and keep it from becoming entirely encrusted with evil.

Until the widow Banks and her children came to reside in the house Ned had never given much thought to his friendless, isolated condition. Sometimes indeed, on the "last day" of school, when the picture books were distributed, and the schoolmates ran shouting home to show theirs to their mothers and sisters, he had walked at a slower pace, wondering why he had no relations, and very much wishing that he had a sister, or, at least, a cousin, to whom he could show his pictures.

But when George and Sarah Banks became his schoolmates, and he listened to their ceaseless quotations and references to "mamma" and "brother Fred" this feeling became more distinct. Many times as he bent over the garden beds after school with his allotted task before him his eyes would wander towards the window where Mrs. Banks usually sat, ceaselessly plying her needle, on band, gusset and seam, occasionally turning her head to reply to little Allan's bo peep, or listening with a quiet smile to the bird-like chatter of George and Sarah, as they related the events which had taken place in their miniature world during the day, he could not help feeling the difference between his home and theirs; and he wondered if Mrs. Banks never scolded, nor got angry, like Mrs. Rhoda, and how it would seem to have such a home, his fingers would forget their mole-like task and he would sit dreaming of these things until the sharp voice of his mistress roused the old Adam in his nature, and he pursued his work, muttering: If she wanted weeds pulled any faster, she might pull them myself.

After turning to bestow on Mrs. Rhoda the grin of defiance, on the occasion which we have described at the commencement of this tale, he walked slowly into the garden and began jerking up the weeds with the half-formed wish in his heart, that he could jerk Mrs. Rhoda in the same way. He did not once look up as usual to Mrs. Banks' window, nor pause to listen to the excited voices of the children, who were speaking very eagerly,—Had he done so, he would have seen that they were speaking of him. He was too angry,—too intent on listening to the evil voices in his own heart, to heed even the footsteps of Mrs. Banks as she came along the alley, until she laid her hand on his head, and said:

'George tells me that you fell and hurt your ancle while assisting my little girl to escape from a drove of cattle to-day.'

'I could't help it!' began the boy, in a tone of deprecation, for Mrs. Tallman was no believer in accidents, and he mistook Mrs. Banks tone for one of censure. 'I stepped on a round stone and it rolled.'

'Of course you could not help it,' she replied, amused at his manner. 'I did not intend to chide you for falling, but to thank you for your care of Sarah, and to see how badly you are hurt. Which foot is it?' she asked bending down to examining it.

The boy looked with a kind of bashful wonder in the widow's face, then down at his little, bare, brown feet, and hastily drawing back, he rinsed them in a shallow pool of water, left standing by the recent shower, and held it up for her to examine, saying in a tone of hesitation: 'All the black won't come off, ma'am.'

'Never mind that, my boy. It is somewhat swollen. Now put it down and bear your weight upon it. Where does it hurt the most?' she continued pressing her fingers upon the swollen place.

The boy winced at the touch, and replied: 'Please don't turn it that way, ma'am.

It is badly sprained, and will make you lame for some days, I fear. If you will go into the house with me, I will bind it up for you.'

The boy hesitated. 'I'm afraid Mrs. Rhoda will thrash me if I do,' he finally replied.

'Thrash you?' repeated the widow, in surprise.

'I mean she will whip me if I don't finish weeding these two beds before sundown.'

'Did you not tell Mrs Tallman that you had hurt your foot?'

'No, ma'am.'

'But you should have told her when you first came home, and she would have bound it up nicely. Why did you not tell her?' she continued, rather curiously, as she marked his sudden change of expression.

'Because—because,' he stammered, while his lip trembled at the thought of her blows that had scarcely ceased to tingle, 'because she wouldn't let me; and if I had, she would only have said as she always does, that she was plaguy glad of it, for it would learn me to stand up another time. I won't stay here!' he continued, more vehemently. 'I will run away. I hate her, and I wish she was dead!'

'Hush, hush, my boy!' said Mrs Banks gently. 'This is all wrong. You do not know what you are saying. You do not wish any such thing.'

'Well, then, I wish I was dead; for every body scolds at me and thrashes me,' and the poor boy drew his ragged cap over his face and burst into tears.

This time there was more of sorrow than of anger in his tones, and the motherly heart of Mrs Banks was touched at the friendless condition they betrayed. 'Poor child, poor little fellow,' she said as she took his hand in hers, 'you have no friends, no one to look after you?'

The boy shook his head, and continued to sob.

'You must not feel so badly, Edward,' she continued, after a moment's silence. 'I will be your friend, and I will ask Mrs. Tallman to let you come and see us often. We will love you very much, indeed, George and Sarah do already. Only think, she went on with an effort to cheer him, 'if you had been dead, who would have saved Sarah to-day?—You have no mother, they say.' she felt his hand tremble in hers as she spoke, 'but if you try to be a good boy, I will be your mother, and George and Sarah and little Allan shall be your brothers and sister. You would like that, I dare say.'

'Yes, ma'am whispered the subdued child, as if he did not comprehend how all this was to be brought about.

'I will now go and talk to Mrs. Tallman about your ancle, and if she does not object, I will send George to help you finish weeding.'

Mrs. Rhoda had parted from her gossip, and resumed her work, when she saw Mrs. Banks approaching her door. 'What can she be coming here after, I wonder?' she muttered. 'To borrow something, I'll warrant. But I'm not agoing to begin any such work, and so I let her know in the first of it.'

This amiable determination soon communicated itself to her fingers, which twitched the needle through the coarse cloth she was sewing, with a more decided jerk than usual, and her whole meagre figure said as plain as words —'I neither borrow nor lend.'

Mrs. Banks paused at the door, and wiped her feet with a degree of care that in any other mood would have won the old woman's admiration; but she did not look up until that lady said pleasantly:

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Tallman. I saw you at the window, and was tempted to come in and chat awhile, but your floor is so neat that I almost afraid to step on it.'

This compliment acted as a slight solvent on the old lady's determination, and she condescended to look up and say: 'Come in, ma'am. You needn't be afraid of stepping on the floor, for it is dirty enough. I am sure, though I washed it up this morning. But there's little use in a body's trying to keep decent in such weather, when it rains once in two hours, and with that good for nothing boy to run in an out, and to make more tracks than a dog.'

'But even we housekeepers must confess, that if the frequent showers do leave some traces on our floors, the effect without is beautiful. I have just been through your garden, and it really did my heart good to see how bright and thrifty everything looked. I could almost hear the plants grow.'

'And the weeds too, I warrant, for that boy is the laziest of all mortals.'

'Perhaps he would work better if he had assistance,' said the visitor. 'I find that children soon get tired of working alone.'

Assistance! Do you suppose that I am a going out there to pull weeds when I keep him for seventy-five cents a week, and what work I can get out of him? and, the lord knows that is little enough,' said the old woman, sharply.

'Certainly not,' replied the widow Banks with a significance that she tried in vain to repress,' but my George is constantly tensing me for something to do. He is very fond of gardening, and, when we had one, used to help me a great deal. He would be delighted to assist Edward if you would permit him, and I should take it as quite a favor.'

Mrs. Rhoda's first thought was to refuse, but a moment's reflection told her that four hands might be better than two, even if they were those of children; beside, they would be where she could keep her eye upon them constantly, therefore she consented.

Mrs. Banks then spoke of Ned's ancle, and the cause of the injury.

The old lady hastily interrupted her; 'Fell down! I thought he had, by the look of his clothes, when he came home. If he has hurt his foot I'm glad of it. What business had he to go near the oxen?'—But I don't believe a word about his being hurt,—He is always making up some lie or other.'

'But his ancle is really sprained, I assure you, Mrs. Tallman, and it was done in assisting my child, I think I ought to attend to it, though I know I shall not do it half so skilfully as you would.'

'Skilful or not,' returned Mrs. Rhoda, 'I shan't find bandages and liniment for every little scratch that young one gets. If I did, I should have my hands full. But you can do as you like. You can afford to, I suppose.'

Mrs Banks was not unmindful of the sneering emphasis which the old lady placed upon her closing remark, but she answered mildly.

'Poor as I am, I can at least afford to be grateful, especially to one who has perhaps saved the life of my child.'

'Umph!' muttered Mrs. Rhoda, as the door closed on her visitor, I should think that she had young ones enough of her own to look after, without troubling herself with the town poor. But I dare say it would make no difference if she had a dozen. I knew she had no faculty.'

George soon joined Ned in the garden, and though the old lady watched them sharply, she never caught them even once gathering the currants that grew in tempting proximity —or otherwise neglected their work. Therefore, when George came in after ten and asked if Ned might go home with him and have his ancle bound up, she replied, 'Yes do go along and be done with it.'

The ancle was neatly bandaged, and then, there never was, in Ned's opinion, such lots of curiosities as the children displayed to his admiring gaze. First, there was the alphabet that 'Brother Fred had brought to Allan, gaily illustrated on squares of Bristol board; then Allan's file of ten soldiers, and a sadly mutilated set they were, some wanting a head, and some an arm or leg, but all the more natural for that, as George observed, for it proved that they had seen hard service. Then there was George's and Sarah's box of books—such a wonderful box, to say nothing of the books. There was Dr. Franklin pasted on the centre of the lid, flanked on either side by runaway apprentices; with their stickes and bundles, stray dogs, horses, cows, ships, steamships, hats, mulls; while directly over his head ran a whole train of railroad cars—Ah, it was a wonderful box—quite a minature gallery, and it seemmed as if Ned would never tire of looking at it and asking questions.

They had scarcely come to the books, when Mrs. Banks reminded them that Mrs. Tallman had not given Ned permission to stay, and she might be displeased if he did not return. The children were very anxious to have him stay just to see one more and Ned himself looked so wistfully at a red and blue Robinson Crusoe, who sat holding the gentelama by the halter, which George had just opened; but when Mrs. Banks repeated her remark, and added, that if he went then Mrs. Tallman would be more willing to let him come again, he turned away resolutely saying —'Please ma'am, will you let George askher?'

'I will ask her myself,' replied Mrs. Banks, kindly.'

The kind widow kept her word, and Mrs. Rhoda consented, though in no very gracious manner, muttering, 'if he was there he would be out of her way.'

So little Ned became a frequent visitor in Mrs. Bank's apartment. As his bashfulness wore off, she soon found that he was coarse and rude in his language and manners—how should he be otherwise?—and very ignorant. She did not reject him however, as a bad boy who would contaminate her own children, but her kind heart yearned over him, and she strove by wise and gentle teachings to lead him to overcome evil with good. It was long before she could perceive any radical change in these respects, yet her 'faith was large in time,' and she did not despair.

And she was right. In her room, the boy caught glimpses of childhood's fairy land from which he had been excluded from his very birth. He was not ungrateful, and gradually her smile of approval or glance of mild reproof came to have more influence over him than all the cuffs he had rececived from his birth, and these had been neither few nor far between.

He was certainly a better boy, or Mrs. Rhoda a better woman; for, though she frequently raised her hand in the old scientific manner, the blows were much less frequent and heavy. Perhaps a breath of the atmosphere of quiet happiness that pervaded the widow's apartment had crept through the key-hole, (she always kept the doors shut on account of the children,) and somewhat softened the acerbity of her temper, or perhaps it might be traced to the many little attentions and acts of kindness which Mrs. Banks persisted in showing her, notwithstanding the indifferent and often coarse manner in which they were received.

But, to whatever influence we ascribe it, it is certain that she one day called all the children to her door, and divided between them a fine, large apple; and moreover, she not only gave Mrs. Banks permission to stretch her clothes line to a post on her side of the grass plot in the rear of the house, a privilege which she had prematorily refused when she first moved there, but she even condescended to accept an invitation to ten. True, the visit terminated rather unfortunately, for the old lady did not hesitate to tell Mrs. Banks that she considered her wholly at fault in the management of her children, and to enlarge upon her own method.

'My boys were never allowed to litter up a room like that,' she said, pointing to a corner where George was manufacturing a chair for Sarah's doll, while she and Allan watched his progress with delight. 'If they wanted to whittle, there was room enough out doors, and that is the place for them.'

'Yes,' began Mrs. Banks innocently. 'I highly approve of out-door sports for boys and girls too; but if we leave them to much to themselves, they are liable to trouble other people, and contract bad habits, and——'

'Do you mean to twit me to my face?' interrupted Mrs. Rhoda angrily. 'I guess my boys are no worse than other people's: and 'some folks I know of, may live to see 'theirs' a great deal worse;' and bobbing her head up and down like a beetle against the wall, the indignant dame marched out of the room, and banged the door after her.

For several weeks after this visit; she met all Mrs. Banks' advances with a frostiness that would have chilled a less hopeful nature; but gentleness and patience, combined with faith and love, can do much even in our world of discord, and, in time they did not fail to soften the anger of Rhoda Tallman.

To the surprise of the whole neighborhood, and chargrin of a notorious gossip, who had wagered that Mrs. Banks would not stay in the house six months, she continued to reside there until her year's lease expired. Then in hope of obtaining employment on better terms, and influenced partly by her desire to be nearer her son Fred, she moved to New Haven.

It was a dark, and sad day for Ned when the good widow and her children left B. How sad, none but those whose childhood has been friendless and long like his can tell, and God grant that they may be few.

He had earnestly promised Mrs. Banks to remember her teachings, and try to be a good boy; but as he stood on the steps watching the slow progress of the wagon that bore his friends and their few chattels away, the prospect of ever being able to fulfil that promise seemed to grow more and more hopeless, and when it turned the corner into the great stage-road, and George waved his hand for the last time, he burst into tears. To the old lady's humanity be it recorded, that she did not box him or make any demonstrations towards it, but contented herself with saying sharply;—'Well, boy, there's no use in crying. George couldn't stay here forever. You'll find enough to cry about before you die, without crying after him;—though I must say,' she continued, turning to a neighbor who had 'dropped in,' to see them start, 'that he is one of the best behaved boys I ever saw, and the wonder is, how he comes to be so, for his mother certainly hasn't no faculty to manage children.

'I never thought she had much faculty for anything.' If she had, she kept it to herself, for she wasn't a bit sociable,' replied the woman, who was somewhat a gossip. 'Was'nt she rither queer?'

'Queer or not,' said Mrs. Rhoda, taking her up rather testily, she had a few rather bad streaks, as every body has.'

Ah, and everybody has some good streaks,

friend Rhoda; but thine, alas, that were drawn out, and made faintly luminous by the warm rays of the sun of Love, soon began to fade in its absence, and in Ned felt this change, and between the querulous temper of the old lady and the returning influence of his old habits, grew discouraged, and almost ceased to *wish* to become a good boy.

But he did not forget his friends; and when Dick Mills, the stage-driver, occasionally brought him such trifling tokens from the Banks family as their limited means enabled them to procure, he longed for something to send in return, to prove that he was not ungrateful. This desire became very strong, but all his little store of keepsakes had been their gifts, and, although he sometimes received a penny or two for some slight service rendered a neighbor, Mrs. Rhoda was sure to find it out and take them into her keeping.

One summer day, as he was at his old work in the garden, a thought came to him that brightened his face at once.

There was the raspberry bush in the corner of the garden—his bush, for even Rhoda recognised his claim to it, with its rich burden of dificious fruit beginning to ripen.

'They'll be almost as big as acorn-cups, he said, eyeing them with delight, 'and I'll send them. I don't believe that George and Sarah will get any in New Haven half as large as mine.'

But the next thing was a basket to put them in. He would not ask Mrs. Rhoda, for fear of being forbidden, to think of such nonsense; and, after several attempts to manufacture one from flags and bull-rushes, he gave it, and concluded to ask his friend Dick, the driver, to lend him one. It so happened, that the day previous to that on which Dick had promised to take his present to the city, Mrs Rhoda had occasion to leave home for several hours. She set out his dinner on the table, and, after laying out work enough to keep him busy a whole day, left him alone.

Ned worked very industrously until nearly noon when he began to feel hungry, and cast occasional glances toward the noon mark, on the kitchen window-sill. At length the lazy shadow crept quite off the mark, and he was proceeding to the house to get his dinner, when his eye was caught by a forlorn-looking woman, half squaw and half mulatto, who was coming down the street, and with several baskets on her arm.

Seeing him eye them earnestly, she stepped up to the gate, and asked him to buy one. There was one just the size he wanted. Ah, how he longed for it! The splinters were so white and smooth—the red and yellow stains upon it so gay and bright! He did not heed the woman's jargon, but stood, turning it round and round, viewing it very wistfully, until her 'You'll take it, my little man? it is only a sixpence,' aroused him, and he put it back with a sigh, saying, 'No ma'am I ca'nt.

'If your mother would just give me a bit of dinner, I wouldn't mind letting you keep it for that,' said the squaw.

Mother! Ned sighed again; but suddenly remembering his own dinner, he asked her to wait a moment; and running into the house, he brought out the bread and meat that Mrs. Rhoda had left for him, and asked her if that would do.

'Yes, my man, though it is cheap enough at that, I can tell you.' She took the victuals, and placed the basket in his hand.

Ned hid his prize in the thick currant bushes, and returned to his work in high spirits, and with such good will, that even Mrs. Rhoda, on her return, condescended to say 'that he had done quite as much as she expected he would.'

After supper he gathered his berries, and tied over them a nice piece of white paper, that some school-mate had given him long before. He was stealing past the door very softly, when the old lady saw him, and called him back. Her hand-kercher—her great yaller cotton handkercher, was missing, and he was required to give an account of it.

He disclaimed all knowledge of it; but a glimpse of the basket' which he in vain tried to hide behind him, aroused her suspicions at once.

'Whose basket is that? What have you got in it, you young scamp?' she exclaimed, angrily as she snatched it from his hand.

'It is not there. I have not got it, nor seen it' cried the boy, earnestly, as she tore off his nice cover.

'What is all this? Where did you get this basket, and what are you doing with these berries? she repeated.

Ned saw himself obliged to relate the story of his purchase; but as soon as he mentioned the basket-woman, her anger knew no limits. Regardless of his repeated declarations, that the woman never entered the gate, she insisted that the squaw had stolen her handkerchief or he had given it to her in exchange for the basket.

Again the blows fell about his ears, in a manner that proved that her 'right hand had not forgotten its cunning.' 'There,—into the house with you, you little thieving rascal' she exclaimed, as she drove him before her to the door.

The color mounted in the boy's cheek as he faced her, and said, firmly, 'Will you give me my basket?

'Your basket?' she replied, mimicking him 'I should like to know by what means it came yours. I guess you'll learn not to peddle off my things to a drunken squaw again, thief.

The boy cast a glance of hatred and defiance at her, as she placed his basket in the cupboard and ordered him to bed.

He went to his garret, and sat down on his bed, swelling with rage and disappointment.

'She shan't have it!' he muttered, at length—'she shan't have it, for I hate her perfectly! I'll steal it, and run away I'll do it this very night!'

Mrs. Rhoda's bed-room door stood open that night; but Ned's bare feet gave back no sound as he stole across the floor to the cupboard; and gained possession of his basket; neither did the slight rattling of the kitchen-bolt, as it yielded to his pressure disturb her slumbers.

The next moment he stood beneath the quiet stars, as friendless as on the day of his mother's death. But he was too young to reflect—besides he was very angry: and he walked down the street with a firm step and tearless eye, until he reached the stables of the village inn. There were watchful eyes that were not easily cheated, and out sprang old Lion, Dick Mill's dog, with a low growl then instantly recognizing him, he sprang upon him wagging his tail, thrusting his cold nose up in his face, and manifesting his surprise and delight by quick, nervous barks.

The boy whispered 'Get out! Get down, Lion only made him redouble his gambols; and fearing to wake some of the household, if he spoke louder, he permitted the dog to go on, until they reached the outskirts of the village.

Noble old Lion! He had an older claim on the boy's heart than even the Banks family; and, after they moved away, he was the only thing that the child had to love, or that loved him in return. Ned felt all this and there was a choking sensation in his throat when he pushed the old fellow down, and strove to drive him back. Perhaps Lion was conscious of this struggle for he did not obey; but springing in advance a few rods, lay down directly in his path, and laying his head between his out-stretched paws looked up in his face with such a wistful beseeching expression, that the poor boy sat down by the road side and burst into tears.

Again the old dog was around him, pushing his head beneath his hands, and striving by every means to attract his attention. At length the boy wiped away his tears, and patting the old dogs head said:

'No, no, old Lion, you must not go. They will say I STOLE you too, I suppose Go home, go back, sir!' he continued, sternly. The dog retreated a step or two, and stood eyeing him, with the same wistful look. Ned caught up a stone, and turning away his head, hurled it at him. The old fellow gave a low, hoarse growl, and turned towards home.

The boy went on his way; but in spite of his efforts to restrain them, the tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, and he often turned, as if he expected—ay, even hoped to see—his old friend at his heels. At sun rise he was crossing the long bridge on the eastern side of the city. His heart sank within him at the sight of so many buildings, glittering and gleaming beneath the morning sun, for how should he ever find the one inhabited by Mrs. Banks? Then he began to think of the light in which that good woman would view the step he had taken. She might blame him, and perhaps send him back to B——. He grew irresolute. Once or twice he ventured to ask some boys to tell him where Mrs. Banks lived; but a shout of laughter, and a quizzical reply, was all that he gained.

Weary, hungry and dispirited, he wandered along Water street, until he found himself in the vicinity of Long Wharf, when he sat down on a pile of lumber, and watched, with listless gaze, the movements on board of a brig that was fitting out for sea. The scene soon became very busy. Trucks and carts began to rattle up and down the wharf,—then came gentlemen on foot, and in carriages, whose very canes had a business like look,—and, finally, a large drove of mules, which amid kickings and snortings, and no very gentle coaxings from the sailors, were transferred to the brig's deck. The boy became more interested, and drew nearer and nearer, until he sat down on a box, close by the brig's side. Two portly looking gentlemen stood there, talking to a powerful, athletic looking man, with a profusion of dark, crispy hair, slightly sprinkled with grey, and an open, good humored countenance. They were about to proceed up the wharf, when the latter turned, as if to give some orders to a man who was leaning over the side, when his eye fell upon the boy, and the box upon which he was seated.

Up with you, my lad!' he exclaimed, hastily. 'That box should have gone on board before. Hallo, there!' he cried to one of the men, 'tell Scotch Bill to see that box carefully stowed away!'

He was again turning away, when the boy's earnest look attracted his attention, and he said impatently, 'Well, what is it you want, my lad?'

'To go to sea,' replied Ned instinctively.

'Go to sea?' repeated the captian, for it was no other, eyeing him from head to foot, with a quizzical glance. 'And what berth do you expect? Do you know a marlin-spike from a rope's end?

'No sir, but I can learn.'

'True enough, and in more ways than one, too. But what do you expect?'

The boy looked up enquiringiy.

'I mean what wages do you expect for your valuable services?'

'What you are pleased to give me, sir; and then related the cause of his running away.

'Well, you are good grit. You shall go with me, and I will clothe and feed you, and give you a trifle beside; and what's more,' he continued, smiling, 'now and then a good whipping, just to remind you of the old alligator.'

'I'm used to that,' said the boy, brightening up at the skipper's cheerful tones.

The captain called a grinning negro, who answered to the name of "Cook," and gave the boy in his charge for the day. The next day, at twelve o'clock the brig Swan was off Montauk Point, bound to Guiana.

* * * *

Twelve years have passed, reader—years in which Time that rare daguerrian, had added many a scene to the gallery of Memory, sketched amid sin and sorrow, perchance; but they all looked beautiful in that shaded light. One sketch more, and we have done.

It is the sweet spring-time, and the quiet town of B——— lies bathed as it were in the beauties of a new creation.

Its aspect is little changed, for twelve years effect much less change in such a place than twelve weeks often do in a crowded city, therefore we need no guide to Mrs. Rhoda's dwelling, nor introduction to the dame herself, who, in clean cap and checked apron, often comes to the door, and looks down the street; for whatever mad freaks time may have played with our ringlets and roses he has left her unscathed—ay, and at this distance she looks even renovated.

She is watching for some one, I'll wager; and here comes the stage, dashing right past the tavern, and turns up at Mrs Rhoda's door. Down springs Dick Mills, our old acquaintance, and begins to let down the steps. A tight-built, manly-looking fellow, in a blue roundabout, and Panama hat, steps out, and returns the old woman's greeting.

'Ned Norris!' We did not need her exclamation to tell us that, for the hair and eyes are the same, though those heavy whiskers are a foreign growth, and the once fair cheek, between wind and weather, has caught something of an oriental hue.

In a few moments they are seated, and the skilful hands of Sarah remove the soft wrappers, and outlooks a—blue eyed baby, fresh, pure, beautiful as an angel—How the young father's eyes glisten with pride and joy, as the old woman praises its beauty, and points out its resemblance to its mother. And how she trots it, and crows over it, while Ned and Sarah draw forth the 'few trifles,' to use Ned's words, 'that they have snipped for her.' Trifles! if tea and coffee, sugar and spice, enough a last a reasonable woman six months; beside, a new cap from Mrs. Banks, and an apron from Fred's wife.

The seed sown by the good widow Banks in the heart of that friendless boy did not fall on stony ground; but under the kind but somewhat whimsical, nature of Capt. Bingham, strove and brought forth fruit, not unmixed with weeds, of course; but these are fast disappearing under the gentle influences of Sarah.

Captain Bingham never deserted him; and beneath his eye, he became a thorough seaman, and was gradually advanced, until he gained the command of a fine new brig.

For some years he has supplied many of Mrs. Rhoda's wants; and, though he wholly refused to take her into his family to reside, as sarah suggested, he has continued to provide for her and never permitted the recently awakened warmth of her old heart to grow cold by neglect.—Her Siberian visage will thaw, and become almost tropical, when she speaks of him to the neighbors; and she is often heard to remark, 'that boys, will be boys, and there is no use in trying to make them walk a crack.'

Wise people will tell you dear reader, that the age of miracles is past. But believe them not,—ah believe them not!—for Faith, Hope, and Love, are still upon Earth, and the great God still in Heaven.

Correspondence for the Lime Rock Gazette.

MARLBORO HOTEL,
Boston, Nov. 18, 1848.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

An address was delivered this week by Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, in one of the largest churches of this city, on the subject of popular education.

After alluding to the necessity of universal education, embracing a religious element, as the conservative power needed to regulate the mighty impulse now moving the world; he especially urged the importance of concentrating the energies of patriotism and benevolence upon the children of our country, and the paramount duty of enlisting the best minds for securing to the rising millions of this Republic, the influence of a Christian Education.

To the enquiry: Who shall be the principal educator? he replied—Woman. He spoke of her adaptedness to become the instructor of the rising race, from the peculiar character of her mind; especially her power to gain the confidence and affection of children—a power essential both to their instruction and government.

For introducing the religious element, which he considered indispensable in the proper education of a human soul, women had peculiar advantages. He regarded her as manifestly designed by the Creator to mould and guide from its infancy the moral character of the human family.

The instrument needed to accomplish this grand work, he said, were not mere literary, sentimental, drawing-room ladies, but those of truly vigorous, energetic minds and enlarged hearts, in sound bodies—fitted to the stern realities of life, self-denying, self-sacrificing, earnest and ready for every station to which Providence might call them.

Indeed, it was time, he said, that everybody should be earnest in the work of doing good—as earnest as men are in the pursuit of wealth and political interests.

He spoke of the vast importance of our own country in its own relations to the world—of the freedom of our own institutions, as imparting an energy to the common mind, highly favorable to intellectual improvement, but demanding eminently the conservative power of Christian principle to guide it to safe and happy results.

Our own country, he said, should be first in our efforts as it is first in our affections—and the West, especially, should be looked to by patriots and philanthrophists, as being the prospective seat of empire. Into that region he urged, that New England owed it to herself and to the nation, to send the healthful influence which had made her what she was.

The origin and objects of the "Board of National Popular Education," of which Governor Slade, of Middlebury, is the corresponding Secretary and General Agent, were here presented, and its operation explained. The Board consists of twenty-five members; Ex Gov. Morrow, of Ohio, President; and Judge McLean, and Judge Lane, Vice Presidents. Through appropriate agencies it explores the West, for the raising up Schools and making acrangments for the reception and competent support of female teachers; while it receives applications for supplies, invites such teachers from the East, collects companies of them semi-annually, at Hartford Conn., where it carries them through a six weeks especial training—a sort of "Teachers Institute"—and thence under proper escort, sends them to the places provided.

The Board, he said, had sent out 110 teachers in two years, mostly from New England; 84 to Illinoi; 84 to Indiana; 12 to Wisconsin; 11 to Michigan; 7 to Iowa; 5 to Tennessee; 3 to Missouri; 2 to Kentucky, Ohio, 2; 5 to Western Pennsylvania, and one to North Carolina.

The union, unsectarian feature of the movement was averted to, as very important in its harmonising influence at the East, as well as for allaying denominational jealousies at the West. The teachers sent had been from five denominations.

The importance of a missionary spirit in the teachers was dwelt upon, and letters from some of them were read, exhibiting this spirit, and showing that the efforts of the Board are accomplishing an important work—developing female power on an appropriate field.

The Board, he remarked, need increased funds to sustain the numerous agencies, and to defray the expense of the preparatory training at Hartford, and journeying to the West, of such as are unable to bear this expense themselves.

From this eloquent address of an hour's length, it seemed very obvious, that the plan was admirably adapted for effecting great good at comparatively little expense; operating unobstrusively, introducing many of the best minds to spheres of usefulness and honor, and thus promoting national philanthropy, union, intelligence and virtue.

The recent destruction of life on the Eastern Railroad by the collision at Salem, calls forth severe comments from the papers upon the managers of the road. Want of care and necessary precaution for the public safety are charged upon the officers of railroads generally.

The Bowery Theatre, in New York, was sold at auction on Monday last for $44,620.

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1848.

Hudson's Panorama.

Among the great variety of paintings now on exhibition in Boston, none present more rare attractions than Hudson's great national painting of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, now open at Amory Hall. In point of execution, it exceeds anything of the kind we have before witnessed. It represents all the chief cities, towns, villages, bluffs, mounds, plantations, &c., upon their banks,—truthfully delineating the diversified scenery of twelve different States, for a distance of two thousand three hundred miles.—extending from New Orleans, La., to Pittsburgh, Penn.—Taken all in all, it is a work of extraordinary merit, and is of itself sufficient to make a fortune and reputation for any arsist. We have before expressed our approbation of panoramic exhibitions, and it gives us pleasure to see that the first artists in the country are turning their attention to the subject. We hope the public may soon be favored with a grand panorama of our whole country, "extensive" as it is! It is an easy and most effectual mode of teaching the young, and can never fail to instruct and interest the old. Parents, visit the Mississippi and Ohio, at Amory Hall, and take your children with you—you will never have cause to regret the small sum thus expended.

Steamer Admiral.

This splendid boat has advertised her regular trips for the season, between Bangor, Portland and Boston, and intermediate landings; which new arrangement meets with very general approbation. The reputation of this boat, and her officers, stands high wherever they are known. A direct communication with Boston during the winter, has long been a *desideratum*: and now we have the desirable object granted, our people will not be slow to appreciate it in a substantial manner.

The Admiral is admiraldy adapted for a winter boat, being built expressly for rough weather, and having excellent accommodations. On board of such a boat, under the charge of such a commander as Capt. ROGERS, and with the kind attentions of her Clerk, Capt. CHARLES SPEAR, passengers may feel safe and perfectly "at home" under any circumstances.

A Philosopher's Reply.

SOLON was once ordered into the presence of Croesus, king of Lydia. The king arrayed himself in the richest vestments that his wardrobe could afford, and received the philosopher with great pomp. Solon evinced no astonishment or admiration at the sight of so much magnificence, which greatly discomfited the king.

"My guest," said he, "fame has made me acquainted with your wisdom: I know that you have travelled much; but have you ever seen any one dressed so splendidly as I am?"

"Yes!" replied Solon, "pheasants and peacocks are possessed of something more magnificent, since all their brilliancy is the gift of nature, and therefore the acquisition of it is free from care."

The Late Storm.

The late storm appears to have been one of unusual severity for the season. Several disasters in Boston Bay are reported, and in some portions of the country large quantities of snow fell. In Vermont there was no snow—but on the route of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, travelling was rendered impassable.

In addition to this, the following disasters among others, are reported in the papers.

Schooner Welcome Return, Capt. Hewitt of and from Prince Edward's Island for Boston, went ashore at Rocky Hill, near Plymouth, on Monday evening, at six o'clock and went to pieces. The crew were all saved.

A brig with her crew disabled by death and sickness, was assisted into Provincetown on Monday night, by the crew of the cutter Hamilton.

British brig Pursuit, from Yarmouth, N. S., for Boston, in ballast was towed to Provincetown on Tuesday having cut away her mainmast in the Bay during the gale—crew in good condition.

Sch Maria, of Dennis, sank in Long Island Sound, and a boy, the only person on board, was drowned. It is since reported that the boy was saved.

Sch. Brutus, Chapman, parted her moorings and drove out of Chatham harbor in the late storm. Sloop-Navigator arrived at Nantucket in search of her, but it does not appear that she had been found.

Sch Syrian, (of Surry), Wood went ashore inside of Portland light, in the gale, morn of the 20th, and will be a total loss, except a few sails and rigging.

☞ "THE DIGNITY OF THE PROFESSION." It is a little amusing to see the avidity with which many young men, of little talent and less knowledge, rush into the study of the Law, in expectation of reaping a rich crop of laurels through the "dignity of the profession!" True merit will invariably meet its reward, and arrive at honor and distinction, though it travels through the humblest walks of life to attain it.

SMALL BEGINING AND LARGE RESULT.—There is a gentleman yet living, in his 88th year, who shipped the first cotton from Charleston to Liverpool—"three bags' of which he helped to pack by hand and with seed. The consigness in Liverpool discouraged any further shipment, as they did not know how to seperate it from the seeds. This same gentleman had in his possession a bed-quilt in a good state of preservation, made from this parcel of cotton by his revered mother. The seeds were picked out by her fingers. [St. Louis Republican.

EMPLOYMENT. The man who does not labor somewhere, is worse than useless—he is a dangerous member of society. He becomes a prey to his own passions, and scourges others with his own vices, or panders to those who are able to gratify his irregular desires. Yet so uncertain are human events, so sudden and entire the changes of individual position in the closely contested struggles of life, that mere intellectual cultivation, so far from insuring independence, may not always provide the necessary means of subsistence.

"IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER'S SON?"

When Jesus of Nazareth was working miracles and confounding the Scribes and Pharisees with questions they could not answer, and with a simple wisdom which they were too pedantic to understand, the enquiry ever and anon passed round—"is not this the carpenter's son?" No virtue was distinguished enough to silence,—no miracle wonderful enough to drown, this expression of surprise, that one descended from a humble laborer, should assume to dispute with doctors in the temple, or question the propriety of institutions which were defended by wealthy rabbis and mitred priests. Everywhere, keeping pace with the wonders he wrought, resounded in half scornful tones—"is not this the carpenter's son?"

Had he descended immediately from kings and princes—had he come down from the palaces of the rich to commence his mission among men—doubtless the lords of Jeruselem would have followed and adored him. True "he spake as man never spake." But "is not this the carpenter's son?"

The prejudices to which we have referred, had existed for centuries before Jesus appeared, and have come down to us undiminished during the flight of eighteen centuries of time. Every benefactor of his race—every wise and talented man, destined to be an honor to humanity, on whom the light has first shone among the cottages of the poor, has been doomed to struggle against it. One may be talented and full of promise—one may in its very morn devote his life to the promotion of the best interests of mankind, but if sprung from among the laboring poor, an aristocratic jealousy is stirred up in the bosoms of thousands, and breathes out scornfully, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

But time passed on. The carpenter's son followed at first only by a few poor fishermen, and driven from place to place, having "not wherewithal to lay his head," became the adoration of bishops and kings. Temples arose in honor of his name, and ten thousand spacious domes swelling mid-air from ten thousand scattered corners and fastnesses of the globe were consecrated to his worship. His worship!—Yes! If pomp and circumstance—if the trumpet tones of the organ—if costly surplice and gorgeous chancel—if pulpits raised on high, adorned with carving and shaded with crimson curtains, accord with the worship of one whose temple was the open sky, whose preachings were upon the hill top and by the sea side—of one whose one blessing the poor and the humble—of one of whom eighteen centuries ago it was asked, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

And even in our own times, the carpenter's son—the mechanic fresh from the dust of the workshop—has oft times triumphed over the fashionable and foolish prejudice, which is always abroad among the fools of fashionable life, and which put down by the persevering energy with which a self-made man grapples for distinction—is succeeded by a fawning subserviency as contemptible as itself.

We think the day is not far distant, when our laboring classes will insist upon their proper position in society. They must prepare themselves to maintain that position.—They should exert themselves for their own intellectual improvement and that of their children. They should see to it that they commit none of their interests to the keeping of men who deem it disreputable to labor—who hold the drones to be the only respectable members of good society—who scornfully ask of the enterprising and aspiring laborer, who aspires to improve his condition, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

The Very Last.

That fountain of wit and dry jokes, the "Pennsylvanian," has the 'very' last elopement out—not "Horn's" last. The story as related, is that Mr. Drake, a wealthy tobacconist of Philadelphia, had a charming daughter, Amy by name, who had given her heart to a young journeyman carpenter, and sworn "with him to live, with him to die". The name of the lover was F. L. Hughes; but what's in a name?—he was poor, or to say the least, not overstocked with this world's goods. This Mr. Drake had a decided objection to, and following the expedient in such cases, he locked Miss Amy up to keep her away from her loving carpenter. But "love laughs at locksmiths," and it proved true in this case. On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Drake, on returning home, met one of Afric's colossal sons at his door with a large roll of bed clothes on his shoulder. Ebony enquired,

"Am you de genuman dat bought dis hear beddin' down Souf Alley?"

"No; take yourself off," was the sharp reply. "I don't buy second handed articles in South Alley," being somewhat indignantly added.

"Dis am not yours den," suggested the dusky gentleman.

"No; be off with your dirty luggage," responded the tobacconist, ending the colloquy and the porter hastened to convey the "dirty luggage" to Mr. Hughes, who received it with a hearty welcome.

On unrolling the counterpane which covered the parcel, a snug piece of goods, answering the description of Miss Amy Drake was found inside. The young lady had concerted this scheme, and with the assistance of her maid, had contrived to roll herself in the bed quilts and thus be conveyed to her lover. The priest was called, who immediately proceeded with the ceremony of marriage; but, alas, ere the twain could be made one, the indignant father arrived with two police officers, and arrested Mr. Hughes for the theft of a counterpane. The Mayor, however, discharged the case. This, certainly, is the very latest style of elopement, and should be speedily patented.

GREAT RUN AND NARROW ESCAPE. The British Schooner Teaser, Capt. Dunkinson, left Briar Island Nova Scotia, on Saturday night at 12 o'clock, in the short time of twenty-eight hours, was inside of Boon Island.—At 2 o'clock, in a thick north-east storm, let go her anchor to leeward of Whale's Back light, and rode out the gale. At the time the spray rose above the Whale's Back light house. This is probably the first vessel that ever rode at anchor in that place in such a gale. [Portsmouth Journal.

PUNGENTS.

TRY IT.—The more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about "hard times."

A SINGULAR ELECTION COINCIDENCE.—The returns of the recent election for President, exhibit the remarkable coincidence of the two first cities of the Union, Philadelphia and New York, casting a vote varying but nine in number. The total vote in Philadelphia city and county, was 52,167; in New York, 58,158.

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?—The following is Cotton Mather's definition:—

Whenne a manne fallethe offe hisse beaste, or essayethe too light his pipe at ye pumpe, he isse to be esteemed drunkenne.

Orders have been sent on to Washington to fit up a stall for 'Old Whitey,' in the white house stable. From the first, we had a superstition that the old battle-snuffler would be installed there. [Boston Transcript.

The quantity of lard made in this country, makes one greasy to think of it. One house in Cincinnati, last year tried out thirty thousand hogs.

REVIVALS. A Nashville journal gives a favorable account of the state of things in the south-west; nearly two columns are filled with revival intelligence.

☞ 'Ann, where are you going to-night?'
'Why, to the ball, to be sure?'
'Are you? So am I. How many pet boots are you going to wear?'
'Why, I was going to put on twenty-five, but as the fashion's changing, I won't wear more than sixteen.'

The Victoria Advocate says; In every part of Western Texas the spirit of improvement is rife. Towns, villages, farms, buildings, roads, wharves, ferries, hotels, stores, schools, and churches—everything that marks the progress of a people—are seen springing into existence with great rapidity.

'Ver drunk again, hey?' 'No, my love, (hic.) not drunk but slippery, (hic.)—The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the boots, (hic.) till they are smooth as a pane of glass.'

Time Lost.

There is a useful moral, in the following sentimental verse:

Redeem thine hours; the space is brief,
While in thy glass the soul-grains shiver:
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou tasst part forever.

A seaman, who had escaped a dreadful shipwreck on the coast of Maine, was asked by a moral lady how he felt when struggling between life and death in the waves, and replied—

'Wet, madam, very wet.'

Remember This.

The work that should to-day be wrought,
Delay not till to-morrow;
The help that should WITHIN be sought,
Scorn from WITHOUT to borrow.

Old maxims these, but stout and true,
They speak with trumpet tone;
So do AT ONCE, what is to do,
And trust yourself alone.

A GOOD REASON. An Irish soldier passing through a meadow near Cork, a large mastiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a spear that he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the magistrate—who asked him why he had not rather struck the dog with the butt end of his weapon. 'So I should,' said the soldier, 'if he had run at me with his tail.'

Great Invention.

An important improvement has just been made in the spinning of wool, by two ingenious citizens of Kennebec, viz: Mr. Wm. C. Bates of Monmouth, and Mr. Stephen N. Tucker of Gardiner. Mr. Bates is a practical machinist, and Mr. Tucker a wool spinner and manufacturer.

It is known to those who have worked in woolen factories, or observed their operation, that wool cannot, like cotton, be drawn out and then twisted, but that it must be drawn and twisted at one operation. This is now done by the means of jacks, which take wool, or roping which has been preparad by the cards, and draw and spin it into threads of the required twist for warp or filling. We examined their invention the other day, and find that it is so constructed that, by a new and ingenious movement, the jacks may be wholly dispensed with, and the roping taken directly from the cards, drawn and twisted by one operation. The yarn appeared to be smoother and more evenly drawn by the new machine than by the "jacks." It will be seen that this makes a very great saving in the cost of manufacturing woolens.

An experienced manufacturer at our request sums up the advantages of this machine, which is called the "Bates & Tucker revolving draft wool spinner," over other machinery for performing the same work, as follows. It being attached to the card, saves the room, power and labor which is required to run the jack. The cost of the revolving draft will be less than half that of the cost of the jacks necessary to do the same amount of work. There is also great advantage in the saving of waste, besides it draws a more perfect thread than by any other mode of spinning now in use.

Measures have been taken to secure a patent for the invention here, also in England and other countries.—[Maine Farmer.

WRECK OF SHIP CLARA, OF PORTSMOUTH, WITH LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN. Ship Clara, of Portsmouth; Capt. John Penhallow, from Cadiz, Oct 1st. went ashore on Truro Beach, two miles South of Cape Cod Light, on Monday, at 9 A. M. Capt. Penhallow was lost overboard a few minutes previous to her striking. The remainder of the crew were saved. The ship remains tight, high upon the beach, with mizen-mast gone. At the last advices she remained tight, and it was thought that she would be got off. The cargo would probably be thrown overboard, as it would cost more than it was worth to get it to market. The Clara was a good staunch vessel, a large carrier, built in 1842 by Samuel Badger, Esq., and was owned by Messrs. Wm. Johnes, & Son, Henry P. Salter, T. W. Penhallow and the master. She was insured (vessel and cargo) for about $35,000. [Portsmouth Journal.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE. In a Convention of the two branches of the Legislature, Friday, the Whig candidates for electors of President and Vice President were elected by a majority of 32 votes: There were 137 votes for the Taylor Electors; 65 for Cass, 37 for Van Buren, and for a ticket distinct from all others. [Boston Advertiser.

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

A Family Journal:

Devoted to Literature and General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN PORTER.

TERMS.—One Dollar and fifty cents per Year, in advance; or two Dollars when payment is delayed until the close of the Volume.

To the former Patrons of the Recorder.

☞The Proprietor of the "Star and Recorder" having concluded to discontinue its publication, an arrangement has been effected by which the patrons of that sheet will hereafter be supplied with this Gazette, an edition of which will be issued expressly for them, containing all matters of local and general interest. Mr. Starret will act as our Agent in forwarding way papers; and from his office the papers of village subscribers will be taken by trusty carriers and delivered to them as heretofore. Mr. S. will also take charge of and forward to us all communications, advertising favors and job work.

We trust this arrangement will prove satisfactory to our old friends and former fellow citizens, and that they will find the Gazette occupying and covering the ground intended at its commencement—a paper for Thomaston, (undivided) containing the current news of the week, and such other matter as should prove interesting and profitable—and as such meet their approval and to which they will cheerfully give their support.

☞It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. CHARLES HOLMES offers a number of desirable House-Lots for sale. Those who are looking out a pleasant location, will do well to examine the plan of these lots at his Store.

☞Thanksgiving passed off in 'this direction', in fine style.—[Skow began paper.

[It is a little singular that it should pass off in *that* direction, for it next makes its appearance in Massachusetts.

☞MURPHY, at his Daguerreotype Gallery, No. 3 Spofford Block, has recently made valuable additions to his apparatus, by which he is enabled to furnish pictures of the largest size, in a superior style of finish. Murphy exhibits good specimens, and those who patronize him cannot fail to be suited.

☞SIGNIFICANT. The senior editor of the Portland Transcript was married two weeks since, and he now publishes the following significant paragraph. It is just as we expected, and should serve as a warning to others:—

"Were you ever cross-questioned?"

"Yes, when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad; cross enough, in all conscience.

☞Col. Macomber, M. C. & O. S. Andrews, Cha's Farwell, Hodgman & Co's. Express, and Capt. Cha's Spear, ALL have our thanks for late papers.

☞About fifty pretty buxom Factory Girls, passed through this village this morning, on their return home—owing no doubt to the revolution in Lowell.

☞The performance at Eagle Hall, Tuesday evening, was excellent—with such a good company as Mr Burk's it could hardly have been otherwise. The play of "Wm. Tell," a tragedy of the first order, was as well performed as in the first city theatres. For this evening's Bill see advertisement.

☞Our Selectmen are "fixin'" up our Roads and Side-Walks,—they have the well wishes of the community. Sea street, among the rest, has entire new walks, and we can now go on to the "Point" without taking the 'road' with us. Keep the ball in motion!

ELECTIONS. — Florida, from thirteen counties gives Taylor 946 majority. In Louisiana Taylor's majority is 3139. Mississippi is still doubtful, as is Illinois. A few town in Wisconsin, mostly Norwegian, gives Cass 84, Van Buren 23, Taylor 116. The official vote of Ohio gives Cass a plurality of 16,466.

☞The exports of specie from New York for the week ending Nov. 25th, was 271,713, chiefly for France.

☞Read the capital story commencing on the first page.

One Week Later from Europe.

The Steamship CAMBRIA, Capt. Harrison, from Liverpool, 11th inst, arrived at New York on Saturday, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, with fifty-four passengers.

The steamer Britannia, seventeen days fm New York, was passed going into the Mersey.

In commercial and monetary affairs there was nothing new, indeed the report of the last steamer was almost the report of this.—Cotton and Corn had hardly changed.

THE CHOLERA. The reports from the provinces state that the cases of cholera were very small in proportion to the population.

The disease in London continued to be confined to the poorer districts.

FRANCE. The French Republic remains quiet, the public attention being chiefly occupied in speculations on the approaching election of President, and in preperations for this important act. The candidates are virtually reduced to two, Louis Napoleon and Gen. Cavaignac.

The new Constitution has received its last touches, and now awaits only the election of President to go into effect.

The foreign relations of the Republic have not experienced any change.

LOOK OUT. A morning paper says that the committee of the Common Council of Brooklyn appointed to devise some means of procuring a supply of water for the city, have 'discovered a well near the Wallabout, on Mr. Nostrand's property, which, though but a few feet deep, cannot be exhausted; and all the experiments of the committee go to show that a 'subterranean lake underlies all Brooklyn, and perhaps all Long Island,' but little below the surface of the ground. The title of 'doomed city' would seem to be appropriate for Brooklyn, only her 'doom' would appear to be drowning rather than burning.—Look out, and learn to swim. [New York Commercial.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FIRST DESPATCH OF THE LINE.

Expresly for the Lime Rock Gazette.

BELFAST, Wednesday Morning, 9 o'clock.

The citizens of Belfast send their compliments to the citizens of East Thomaston.

The Sun rose at the usual hour this morning, and Cord Wood is cheap.

Great excitement was created among our citizens this morning, in consequence of an unusual quantity of Pine Boards arriving from Belmont, which will have a tendency to cause a pressure in the money market.

The steamer Penobscot is expected to——

At this point the wires became deranged, which cut off the communication.

MARRIAGES.

We will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble ends.

In this village, by Rev. S. Ilsley, Mr. James H. Elwell to Miss Elizabeth B. Duncan.

By Nath'l Meservey, Esq., Sabbath evening last, Mr. Lorenzo Hall to Mrs. Hannah Holbrook.

In Belfast, on Tuesday evening week, by Rev. N. C. Fletcher, Mr. Samuel C. Cobb of Boston, of the firm of Cunningham & Cobb, to Miss Aurelia L., daughter of William Battie, Esq. of this place.

In Liberty, 16th inst., by Rev. G. P. Mathews, Mr. Joseph Small of Unity to Miss Ann W. Hatch of L. 22d, by the same, Mr. Ebenezer Cree to Mrs. Rosannah Hathorn. In Montville, by the same, Mr. John T. Averill of Montville to Miss H. Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Atkinson, Esq of M.

In Union, 25th inst., by Rev. Mr. Harriman, I. M Nelson S. Fales to Miss Sarah J. Piper, both of Thomaston.

DEATHS.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace.

In this town, on Thurs-day last, MR. FREEMAN HARDEN, aged 65 years.

Mr. Harden was a native of Pembroke, Mass. He removed to this town in the year 1799, being then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was among the early settlers in the village, having resided here nearly fifty years. In all the relations of life, in his intercourse with his fellow-men, he secured the confidence, and respect, of all who knew him.

His character as a man was amiable, and irreproachable, modest and unobtrusive in his manners, and ardent in his friendship. He was an affectionate husband, a kind and tender father, an obliging neighbor and friend. Mr. H. became early interested in the temperance reform. He was one of those who assisted in forming the first temperance society in the State, and continued a faithful and devoted friend to the cause, up to the time of his dissolution.

As a mason, he was a cherished and beloved brother. The loss of his constant example will long be remembered by his brethren in the Lodge, who are reminded by his demise, that their own hearts—

"Are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

In his death, the town has lost a valuable, and respected citizen, his family a kind and indulgent husband and parent; the poor a friend whose hand was ever open; the sick and afflicted one who was ever ready to minister to their wants. "May he rest in peace." [Cou.

In this town, 17th inst., Dr. Enoch Lovejoy, aged 65.

In Freedom 14th, Susan Cummings, aged 43.

In Hope, 26th inst., Bethora, wife of John B. Dunton and daughter of Hon. Thomas Bartlett, aged 30 years.—[Augusta papers please insert.

GAZETTE MARINE LIST.

Port of East Thomaston.

Arrived.

24th sch E. H. Herrick, Grant, fm Portsmouth.
26th " Gazelle, Hall, Boston.
" Orion, Post, do.
" bark Mary H. Kendall, Tolman, Frankfort.
27th, sch John, Sleeper, Portland.

Sailed.

25th bark George Thomas, Fisk for Frankfort.
26th, sch Miranda, Rhodes, Sullivan.
27th, Florio, Thomas, N. Y.
Avenger, Simonton, do.
Iberd, Brown, do.

Port of Thomaston.

ARRIVED.

24th, sch Sabine, Robinson, Boston.
" Waterloo, Jordan, Waldoboro.

SAILED.

27th, sch Eliza Frank, Crawford, Pensacola.
" Alabama, Bennett, Boston.
" Betsy, Stackpole, do.

Old 28th bark Patrick Henry, Watts, Norfolk brig Gen. Taylor, Fales, N. Orleans; sch Anita Damon, Bently, Norfolk.

Boston—Ar 25th sch Jos Farwell, Alexander, Alexandria; sch Corvo, Crockett, New York.

New Haven—Ar 24th, sch Fulcrum, ——, Camden.

New York—Ar 24th, Sea Lion, Keating, Boston.

Norfolk.—Ar 22d, brig Lewis Bruce, Chase; sch Willow, ——, Thomaston.

Richmond—Sld sch Herrick, E. Thomaston.

Charleston—Ar 20th, sch Monte Cristo, Young, a Northern port;

New Orleans—Below 16th, ship Antwerp, fm Thomaston.

Disasters

Brig Science, Curtis, New York for Frankfort. Fell in with on the 22d inst at 8 P. M., Chatham Lights E 30 miles, sch Texas, Pillsbury, of and fm E. Thomaston for Boston, with loss of deck load, boat, spars, flying jib, and rudder, and foresail split, having shipped a heavy sea on 19th, Cape Ann W 10 miles. Took her in tow and brought her to Boston.

Brig Siroc, (of Eastport) from Philadelphia for Boston, which went ashore on Scituate beach 5th inst, was got off without damage, after a small part of her cargo had been taken out, and now lies at the wharf in Scituate.

Brig New York, of Thomaston, at Mobile, with lime, which was on fire in the hold, was sold by auction for $800 and the lime at five cents a cask. The brig was in the stream, and every vent was stopped to smother the fire. At last accounts the fire had not burst forth, and would probably be stifled. Vessel and cargo insured in part at Georges office, Thomaston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LUCKY FORTUNE-TELLER.

A True Story.

"Il consiglio stava con silanzio aspettando quello a che si determinasse,"—*Il Congresso di Citera.*—ALGAROTTI.

"Why then, Paddy, my jewel, but aren't these very hard times with us?"

"Hard!" exclaimed Paddy; "begor, though its the middle of summer, they are harder than a hard frost."

"Yes," said his poor wife, Judy Brien, an old peasant woman, who with her husband was thus talking over their past misfortunes and their present griefs "yes, it's mighty hard for us, in our old days, to think that we are so soon to be turned out of our cabin, because misfoutune has come upon us, and that we have not only no rent to pay, but not a praty (potatoe) in the house."

"The devil a rent I have," says Paddy, "but the rent in the back of my coat, that I'd give any money you had a happorth of thread to mend it with. And its I that, if I had the rent, would let the master go whistle after it, before I'd let him see a tester (sixpence) of it. Sure we aren't more than two years in arrear; and what's the use of a man being a freeholder, if he's not free to hold the land he has once put his spade into.

"Well, well, there's no use in talking, Paddy: a change will come soon in ourselves, as there will be a change in the weather; for although it's now as dry as powder, we'll have powers of rain rowlerin down on us before morning."

"Oh! by dad, Judy, if there's as little chance of our good luck, as there is of a shower of rain for the next twenty-four hours, neither of us will ever live till the harvest comes round."

"Well, Paddy, I wis I was as sure of a fortune, as I am of the weather. It will break—and it will be the more like ourselves; for we are breaking ourselves."

"Why then, for an ould woman, you are the biggest fool I ever saw. I tell you there will be no rain."

"And I say there will."

"Oh! then that I mightn't; but only I'm thinking that you got neither breakfast nor dinner to day. I'd give you such a leathering."

"Is it for telling the truth! For, as sure as you're standing there, we will have rain in the morning, and, I tell you, I know it," exclaimed Judy, rubbing her left knee, which was a little rheumatic.

The poor old couple retired to rest, and long before the hour for work next morning, the drooping rain, that poured like a flood through twenty holes in the straw-covered roof of the cabin, proved, if not to their satisfaction, at least to the utter conviction of Paddy, that his wife had prophecied truly. He looked in amazement at the thin threads of water, that were fast forming themselves into pools upon the mud floor, and then, shaking his wife's arm, he exclaimed,

"What the devil makes you be sleeping there, Judy, and the rain making a water-fall into your old brogues at the foot of the little bed. Get up I tell you, and dress yourself, and let us be off out of this; for with the power you have, we ought to be living with slates over our head, and a real chimney to let the smoke out of, not to mention the grandeur of glass windows. Why, Judy, you're a fortune-teller, and I never knew it before! Well, well; there's no end to miracles! Get up, I tell you, and we'll go all over the world for sport, telling fortunes; that is, you'll tell them, and may be I wont spend a fortune for you. I flatter myself I'm able to do that, although digging for twelve hours upon two pints of butter-milk and a skillet of praties is beginning to bother me. Be up with yourself, Judy, I say, and I'll set you up as a fortune teller."

"Ah! then, none of your nonsense.—Sure, you know enough, I'm no fortune-teller."

"What! is it after telling me last night that there would be rain this morning, and that too in the very face of the moon, that was shining as bright as a horse-soldier's helmet. Be gar, it was the heigth of fortune-telling, and I never knew any thing to equal it."

"Ah! then, sure Paddy, it was the rheumatiz that told it to me."!

"The rheumatiz! Does the rheumatiz talk as if it was a Christian? Oh! but I understand you; it was a fairy called the Rheumatiz that whispered it into your ear, and, by my sowkins, I now find you know every thing, so let us off with ourselves. Why should we stay here and starve, when we have only to walk abroad and make lushins and lavins of money?"

Judy knew but too well the sanguine and arbitrary disposition of her husband, to think of contradicting him; so she immediately obeyed his commands, and, having blessed herself, she prepared to set out on her travels. They had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from their door, when they were encountered by a wealthy farmer, followed by some of his working men. The farmer was a very rich man, who had considerable property about ten miles distant from Paddy's cabin. He now rode up to them greatly excited, and said—

'My good people, there has been stolen or strayed from me, in the course of the night, a black horse and two grey mares; and if you can tell me anything about them, or where I am likely to find them, I shall pay you very handsomely.'

'Upon my word sir,' replied Judy, I know nothing about them.'

'Don't you mind her, your honour,' exclaimed Paddy, and catching hold of the saddle of the farmer's horse, and drawing him down so as to be able to whisper in his ear, 'Don't you mind her your honour; for that I may never sin, but that she knows every thing. She is the greatest of fortune-tellers that ever you heard tell of; but then, she's horrid stingy; and the dickens a hapoth she'll ever say, until you have paid her well for it first.'

The farmer took the hint, called Judy over to him, placed a five-shilling piece in her hand, and observed, 'Take that as earnest of what I will do for you, if you can tell me where are the two mares and the horse. Just give me a hint of where I am sure to find them, I wont stop at gold.'

'Upon my sowl, I don't know, cried' Judy,

'Don't mind her at all Just give her another crown, your honour, and see what a guess she'll make;' observed Paddy.

The farmer took the hint. Poor Judy looked completely bewildered when she felt the money in her hand, and heard her husband saying, 'Come now, Judy, out with it at once. Just tell us where you think they are.'

'Why, then, how should I know, when I was asleep all the time?'

'Oh, nonsense!' cried Paddy; 'speak out, and tell the gentleman where they are, or you never got such a mollaogning in all your life, as I'll give you.'

'Oh, murder, murder!' shrieked Judy, driven to desperation. I really don't know where in the world they can be, unless it be in the field on the other side of the hill.'

'There, you hear, and now be off wid yourself,' said Pat.

The farmer took his advice, darted off, followed by his servants, as fast as he could; while Paddy, rejoicing in the prospect of a full breakfast, of which he had not partaken for many a month, started off in the opposite direction.

He had not, however, advanced more than a quarter of a mile, when he heard the voices of the farmer and his servants hallowing after him and his wife; and was about seeking some place to shelter himself, when he happened to turn round, and beheld that the farmer had recovered the animals that he had lost, and was riding with them as fast as he could, to overtake the fortune-teller. The farmer came up, and placing five golden guineas in the hand of Judy, he said—

'My good woman, take these, and you are heartily welcome to them; for I would not have lost this black horse alone for a hundred guineas. I found him and the two mares in the very spot you described.

"Didn't I tell your honor, she was a great fortune-teller?' asked Paddy.

'You did indeed, my good fellow, and only told me the truth; for she is, in my opinion, the greatest and the best fortune-teller that was ever seen in Ireland.'

There was no one more surprised at the success with which chance had enabled her to guess, than poor Judy herself. She knew that it was chance. Paddy believed the opposite, and insisted upon her setting up as a fortune-teller, and she was afraid to refuse him. But almost at the commencement of their career, a very awkward accident nearly occurred to them; for the fame of her exploit reached to the ears of the only magistrate of the district, who was a proud, ignorant, obstinate, and selfish man, and hearing from the farmer of how he had been told by Judy Brien, of where his stolen steeds had been conveyed, he sent for the old couple, and directed they should wait upon him at his mansion house.

Paddy and Judy Brien did appear there, for they were escorted by the constable; but just before they entered the house, a favourit game cock of his worship, that had been accidently killed was brought to him. He placed the dead bird under a large three-cocked hat, which he usually wore, and then desired the old couple to be admitted.

"I understand," said he, "that you are going about the country, telling fortunes. Now, I wish to let you know, that I suspect that you are a pair of imposters, who are in collusion with all the rogues and vagabonds in the country; and if you are such I will have you transported. If you are not, I will reward you as highly as, on the other hand, I intend severly to punish you. But I shall put you to the proof this moment. If you can tell me what is under that hat I will give you a guinea; if you cannot tell it you shall go to jail"

Paddy looked a little perplexed at this proposition; but still he had sufficiency of impudence to brazen the thing out. Such was not the case with his poor wife; for she looked utterly bewildered, and exclaimed to him, "I told you the dirt would soon come out; but as the magistrate was one of those gentry who tho't it vulgar to speak or know their native language, she said it in Irish thus, "mahee! magellanagh Koegh!"

The instant the sound of "magellanagh *Koegh!*" came to the ears of the magistrate, he took the hat up, and exclaimed, 'Upon my word, Judy Brien, you have guessed right; it is a cock, and nothing else; but how did you come to know it?"

"Don't ask her, your worship," said Paddy, "for she can't tell you, nor I either, that's her born husband; but the fact is, she is the greatest woman in the world, and there's not a tittle that's happening under the sun that she can't tell you."

"Indeed!" said the magistrate; "then here's one thing more, that if she cant tell me, will be the making of her fortune, and save her from doing any thing for the rest of her life. My wife is about to be confined; and if she can now tell me whether it will be a boy or a girl, I will settle £20 a year upon you both, with a house and three acres of land, rent free.'

"Ah, then, just tell his honor's glory, at once, what it will be," said Paddy, with perfect confidence.

"Oh! millia murther! it's worse and worse you're getting every day, Paddy, You will be the ruination of me. I can't tell it."

"That is, you honor's reverence," said Paddy, "she can't tell it to-day; but do you just feed her up with the best of every thing, and you see what she'll tell you on Saturday."

'Very well, then, on Saturday,' remarked the magistrate, 'that will be time enough, and in the mean time I will confide you to the care of the servants.'

The Saturday came, and Judy, who had received a hint from Paddy, called for a bowl of eggs; selected, after a long examination, two from the mass, broke them each into a glass, and then taking up the two glasses, she looked at them for a long time, and then said, 'Well, of all the puzling things I ever met with, this bates them all hallow! Oh! I see plain enough. I can't tell it until next Saturday.'

'But why can't you tell anything to day,' said the magistrate.

'Because, your honor,' answered Judy, "when I look into one glass it is a boy, and when I look into another, I hope that I may never skin a praty, but it's a girl! It's the curiousest thing I ever saw."

Before the next Saturday came, the accouchement of the magistrate's lady took place; and here again fortune aided poor Judy Brien, for the lady presented her husband at the same time with a son and a daughter!

The magistrate kept his word with the fortune-teller, while she, upon hearing the news of the double birth, snatched up the "Life of James Feny, the Robber," which was the only bound volume to be seen in the magistrate's kitchen, and kissing it as reverently as if it were a Bible, exclaimed—

"By this book, I will never tell a fortune again so long as I live!"

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Merchant Tailors,
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Dealer in W. I. Goods, Ship Chandelery, &c,
North Main st.

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Office, 4 Lime Rock street.

J. C. COCHRAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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WM. BATTIE,
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EPHRAIM HALL,
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Centre Maine st.

CHALES. HOLMES,
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West India Goods and Groceries, Corn and Flour,
NORTH END.

MOODY E. THURLO,
Merchant Tailor,
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Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs, and Umbrellas,
No. 3 Spafford Block.

C. & A. SNOW,
Dealers in Corn, Flour, Ships' Stores, and Cordage,
CORNER OF MAINE AND CENTRE STS.

DENNIS & BARRETT,
Dealers in Trawls, Dress Goods, and Carpetings,
CENTRE MAINE ST.

GEO. W. PILLSBURY,
Flour Store, Domestic Goods and Groceries,
North Maine st.

HIRAM G. BERRY.
Wholesale and Retail Lumber Dealer,
KIMBALL'S WHARF.

JOSEPH F. ALLEN,
Blacksmith and Edge Tool Manufacturer
KIMBALL'S WHARF

A. T. SHERMAN,
Retailer of W. I. Goods, Fruit and Confectionery,
CENTRE MAIN ST.

DIRECTORY CONTINUED.

W. O. FULLER,
Dealer in Domestic Dry Goods and Groceries,
SOUTH MAINE ST.

R. T. SLOCOMB,
Dealer in Medicines, Chemicals, and Perfumery,
Centre Maine st.

DRS. HARDING & LUDWIG,
OFFICE: over Cole & Lovejoy's, Main Street, entrance, between said store and Com. House.

O. H. PERRY,
Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, &c.
CENTRE MAINE STREET.

N. A. & S. H. BURPEE,
Furniture Ware Rooms, Painters and Glaziers,
CENTRE MAIN ST.

E. & S. THOMASTON INSURANCE CO,
Office, Lime Rock Bank Building,
NORTH MAINE ST.

STARR & BLOOD,
Jewellers, Watch and Clock Makers,
No. 1 Spafford Block.

B. W. LOTHROP & CO.,
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and Crockery,
No. 2 Spafford Block.

WILLIAM H. WING,
Dealer in Flour, Meal, Groceries and Provisions.
NORTH MAINE ST.

MISS F. J. KIRKPATRICK,
Milliner Dealer in Bonnets and Millinery Goods.
Spafford Block, up Stairs.

S. N. HATCH,
Domestic Goods and Family Groceries
Front St. Head of Commercial Wharf.

COLE & LOVEJOY,
Dealers in Lehigh and Red Ash Coal,
One door north Commercial House.

R. L. JACKSON,
Wholesale and Retail Boot and Shoe Manufactory
Maine st, head of Kimball's Wharf.

CARLL & GREENHALGH,
Harness, Trunk, and Valise Manufacturers,
Opposite Commercial House

I. K. KIMBALL
Domestic and W. I. Goods, Drugs and Medicines
No. 1, Lime Rock street.

L. T. MORGAN,
Custom Boot Maker,—all work Warranted,
NORTH END.

SAMUEL PILLSBURY,
Flour, West India Goods, and Family Groceries.
CENTRE MAINE ST.

DR. W. CONSTANTINE,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office, corner of Maine and Centre Sts

SAMUEL TIBBETS.
Beef, Pork, and General Provision Market,
CENTRE MAIN ST.

MRS. E. KIDDER'S
DYSENTERY CORDIAL,
IMMEDIATE & PERFECT CURE
for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa Summer Complaints of Children, Sea Sickness, General Debility, etc., etc.,

WHERE this all-powerful antidote is at hand, Cholera, Dysentery and Chronic Diarrhœa are no longer to be seriously feared, or looked upon with terror—as this Cordial will most assuredly cure the disease in the course of a very few hours, if taken at the commencement.

It has been before the public for more than sixteen years, and was the first article made known to the public as an immediate and perfect remedy for these complaints. It has been thoroughly tested in every country and every climate, and its effect has every where proved the same,—SURE TO CURE, even where the disease has advanced to the last stage. The public may rest assured that it contains neither opium, or mineral substances, or anything that is in the least injurious to the constitution.

CHOLERA & COMMON CHOLEA MORBUS

This Cordial immediately checks the vomiting, relieves the pains, stops the Diarrhœa, and restores the bowels to a perfectly regular and healthy state, however severe the attack may be, or however low the patient may have become, it invariably restores.

SEVEREST CASES OF DYSENTERY,

are immediately counteracted, the pains are allayed, the bowels healed, and not unfrequently the bowels become perfectly regulated and restored in the short space of ten or twelve hours.

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

Either in children or adults, of months or years continuance, are most readily cured with this Cordial, notwithstanding they may be reduced to a mere skeleton: it immediately strengthens, and shortly restores them to perfect health.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has saved the lives of many thousand Children when reduced to death's door by this complaint; it gives them immediate relief, and they very soon recover.

SEA SICKNESS.

It is a most pleasant and desirable remedy for Sea Sickness. It checks the vomiting, readily restores the patient. It invariably checks vomiting, produced from any cause whatever.

CHILDREN THAT ARE TEETHING,

if inclined to Diarrhœa, should always be provided with this medicine, as it will keep the bowels regulated, and keep off the Canker. It is wholesome, safe and pleasant to the taste; and children are fond of it, and will take it without trouble or dislike.

For General Debility and Dyspepsia,

It is a most excellent restorative, giving a healthy tone to both the stomach and bowels, and prevents food from distressing the stomach.

CAUTION.

Beware of those impositions which are daily palmed upon the public, bearing the name of my article, which is CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY AND DIARRHŒA CORDIAL, which name imposters have borrowed. Also, they have copied my advertisements and prefatory addresses. Doubtless they have done this for the purpose of palming off their useless and worthless articles at the expense and reputation of this original and most popular medicine that ever came before the public. Be sure that you obtain MRS. E. KIDDER'S Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhœa Cordial, and you will get the only true and original article, which has ever been held in the highest estimation by the public throughout the whole country. It is put up in bottles holding nearly a quart, intended for family use, and sold at One Dollar per bottle. Sold by

MRS. E. KIDDER,
No. 100 Court Street, Boston,

who is the inventor and sold proprietor. Druggists and Apothecaries supplied as formerly, in large or small quantities.

AGENTS.—East Thomaston, C. A. Macomber; and for sale by Dealers in Medicine generally

Aug 3 1847 1myr15 n2

NEVER DESPAIR OF LIFE.

KELLEY & CO'S
HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
SARSAPARILLA,

CURES THE WORST DISEASES THAT EVER PREYED ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM, AND SAVES THOUSANDS OF LIVES ANNUALLY!!

10,000 *Cases of SCROFULA cured with this medicine last year, and* **5,000** *Cases of RHEUMATISM, and Jaundice of which proof can be furnished.*

THIS Sarsaparilla will bear **TWO QUARTS OF WATER** to a Bottle, and then be far superior to any in use. It is put into the Bottle its **FULL STRENGTH** and Power, without reducing it, and this is done for the special benefit of those who use it, as it is objected to all other Sarsaparillas, that they are Weak, Clumsy, Adulterated, Sickish, and are wholly incapable of reaching the seat and cause of the disease. But this Sarsaparilla comes warranted to be

Six Times Stronger

than any other, and Six Times Better, Safer, Surer, and Cheaper than all others. **This** Sarsaparilla has bestowed on it some of the best MEDICAL Talents and Skill in the world; and CURES all the sickness, KILLS all the Pain, and REMOVES all the Suffering that it is in the power of Human means to do. It Cures **Scrofula---Dyspepsia---Jaundice---Liver Complaint---Humors---Canker---Costiveness---Rheumatism---Cancer---Debility of the System---Saltrheum**, and every disease which arises from **Impure Blood.**

Consumption Cured with
KELLEY & CO'S SARSAPARILLA!!

A PHYSICIAN, who is truly the most distinguished of any in a large City for professional skill, CERTIFIES, astonishing as it may seem, that he actually CURED a case of **Consumption** with Kelly & Co's Sarsaparilla: and says "that there is no medicine in which he has so much confidence for **Diseases of the Lungs,"** Some will marvel at this REMARKABLE Cure, but hundreds are knowing to the fact. This INESTIMABLE Sarsaparilla is also doing wonders in foreign cities. And says

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE

Surgeon to the Royal Family of England, "that there is no other medicine which is CAPABLE of doing so MUCH GOOD, and yet so INCAPABLE of doing injury." What distinguished compliments are these? Never was there a medicine honored with STRONGER RECOMMENDATIONS. It CURES when every thing else fails, the

Severest Scrofula & Humors,

where the flesh falls off the bones—the bones are diseased, and the DART OF DEATH seems ready to strike the sufferer. And the reason for this is, that it makes the **BLOOD** perfectly Pure, Rich, Healthy, Quick, Free, Nutritious. It CURES all those ALARMING cases of DYSPEPSIA and JAUNDICE, where the Liver is Swollen and Painful, Strength wasting, Appetite gone, Pulse weak or Feverish, Skin yellow, Nerves deranged. It restores Health, Strength, and Vigor to every disordered function of the System—causing them to move on just as Nature requires. And for its WONDERFUL Power over Disease in every form, and part, which no other medicine possesses, the public justly style it the

Master remedy of the Age!!

The great secret of all its triumphant success over all other Sarsaparillas, is, that it does not tamper with the patient, or prolong his sufferings. But it first attacks the disease and stops it, then removes it, then brings up the flesh and strength on a perfectly pure Blood, so that the cure is always thorough and permanent. Others only scatter, or backen the disease, but this EXTIRPATES it wholly from the system—this saves the patient's life, while others endanger it. The whole Body is made so healthy by the use of this GIANT MEDICINE, the System so vigorous—Mind so cheerful—Nerves so quiet—Skin so fair—Spirits so buoyant, that **Medical Colleges, Professors,** and Physicians always prefer it, for the sake of its superiority. Try it, all you who are seeking the **Priceless Blessings of Health!**

Ladies, Married and Unmarried!

It is for you, especially, that this *Sarsaparilla* is made, as the "HEALING ART" has been tasked to the utmost to have it exactly suited to **FEMALE COMPLAINTS.** These Complaints have never be cured for as they ought, hence it is that all the medicines which are used with the hope of Cure, so invariably and entirely fail. But this *Sarsaparilla* has the **SPECIAL** ability to cure every Disease, Affliction, or Pain, which comes under this head. It regulates the secretions—corrects the irregularities of the SYSTEM—restores strength to every part—beautifies the complexion—imparts a flow of spirits—cures palpitation of the Heart—removes Blotches, Pimples, Freckles.

Manufactured by
JOS. L. KELLEY & CO.
Chemists and Druggists, **108** *Middle St.*
PORTLAND, Me.

N. B. This effectual article is the CHEAPEST, and BEST Medicine in this country. PRICE only 75 Cents a Bottle, and for SIX BOTTLES purchased at one time $4,00,—and for this trifling sum the worst **Scrofula** and **Rheumatism** can be cured!

AGENTS.—East Thomaston, Wholesale and Retail, I. K. KIMBALL, R. T. SLOCOMB, C. A. MACOMBER; West Thomaston, Timothy Fogg; So. Thomaston, George Pierce; Blackington's Corner, John Bird; Warren, S. B. Weatherbee; Waldoboro', William H. Barnard; Damariscotta Bridge, J. L. Sherman, Edmund Dana, Jr.; Camden, Joseph H. Eastbrook.

Polish your Stoves and Grates!

BY the use of BROWN'S PENCIL PASTE, in one minute after the application and it becomes dry, you can by the use of a brush procure lustre that will surpass all other preparations in point of lustre, and will not burn off like most preparations now in use; also you avoid most of the dust which you suffer by, in making use of British Lustre or black lead. It is put up in rolls of convenient form for use.

For Sale in East Thomaston by R. T. Slocomb—dealers can be supplied at wholesale in Boston by W. Brown; Silas Pierce & Co; Dana, Evans, & Co.; Wm. Stearns & Co.; Watson, Pierce, & Co. 1y 39

WILLIAM BROWN'S
CONCENTRATED
AND WINTERGREEN,

FOR the immediate cure of Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Leprosy, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores, Tic Douloureaux, Asthma, St Vitus' Dance, Piles, Ulcers, Ringworms, Jaundice, Dropsey, Tetters, Gravel, Erysipelas, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples on the Face or body, Pains in the Bones or Joints, Complaints arising from Indigestion, Use of Narcotics, Prostration of the Nervous System, Excessive use of Mercurial Compounds

The above is a concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla and Wintergreen, now recommended by most of the Boston Physicians, and is fast taking the place of most all other preparations of Sarsaparilla.

It is put up in large Bottles. Price $1 or 6 bottles for $5.

A Case of Dropsey and Scrofula Cured!

Having been afflicted for years past with a complaint, called by physicians Dropsey and Scrofula and have made use of such remedies as several of the first physicians have prescribed; also have resorted to most of the Extracts of Sarsaparilla now advertised, without effecting a cure, I was recommended to make use of Brown's Extract of Sarsaparilla and Wintergreen, the effect of which surprised all who witnessed its operation. By the use of two bottles a perfect cure was effected, and with confidence I would recommend this valuable preparation. It is manufactured by Wm. Brown, Chemist, 48, Washington-st.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, Boston.

**For Sale in East Thomaston by R. T. SLOCOMB. Also by most of the merchants in the adjoining towns. Dealers applied by Wm Brown, 4 1, Washington-st, Boston. 1y 40

Lime Rock Dispensary,
(*Main, head of Sea St.,*)
R. T. SLOCOMB, PROPRIETOR.

AT this Establishment is constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
ESSENTIAL OILS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
COSMETICS, PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS.

TEETH, NAIL and HAIR BRUSHES, VESSEL, and FAMILY MEDICINE CHESTS. Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder-braces. Leeches, Acids, Dye-stuffs, Botanic Medicines, Shaker's Roots and Herbs.

Inshort, every article that is usually found in an Apothecary's Store.

DONNAVAN'S GREAT SERIAL.
PANORAMA OF MEXCO.
Occupying 21,000 feet of Canvas.

EXHIBITING the Scenery, Cities and Battle Fields on the respective routes pursued by the American Army, from Corpus Christi to Buena Vista, and thence to Valladolid—and from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, a line of country

Over 3,000 Miles in Extent!

This stupendous Painting, to which the Press and the People have already accorded the merit of being the most comprehensive and beautiful Panorama ever exhibited in Boston, is now on exhibition at

BOYLSTON HALL,
Corner of Bolyston and Washington Sts. BOSTON.

Every Evening, and on every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

apt. DONNAVAN, Author of 'Adventurers in Mexico," and for seven months a prisoner, during the recent war, will be present to explain the picture; and during the exhibition will relate many incident of the war, Mexican life, manners, &c. TICKETS, 25 cts. Liberal arrangements made with Parties and Schools. Exhibitions given to parties from the country at an hour's notice. For particulars see bills of the day.

October, 1848. 3mn37

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP,
ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, HOOPING COUGH,
BRONCHITIS & CONSUMPTION.

The Remedy that Never Fails.

TRULY TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION! CONSUMPTIVE!! READ THIS!

Norwich, Conn., April 25th, 1848.

DR. J. C. AYER, Dear Sir: Agreeable to the request of your agent, we will cheerfully state what we know of the effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL, and they have been astonishing indeed. Mrs Betsy Wheeler had been afflicted with a severe and relentless cough, which reduced her very low; so low, that little hope was entertained of her recovery. Numerous remedies had been tried without effect, before the Cherry Pectoral. That, and that alone has cured her. George Wilkinson Esq had to our knowledge been afflicted with Asthma for *eleven years*, and grown yearly worse until the Cherry Pectoral has now removed the disease and he is now as free from any of its symptoms as we are. The Rev Mark Daniels had been so severely attacked with the Bronchitis, as to disable him from his public duties and nothing had afforded him relief until I [Mr Corning] carried him a bottle of your Pectoral, which cured him at once, and he now officiates as usual in his place

These are three of the cases in which we have known it successful, but never to fail. We have great pleasure in certifying to these facts; and are your humble servants, REV D. CORNING,
Pastor of Pleasant Plains Church
Hon. J. CASTLES,
Ex Mem Sen Ct, Preston.

Nothing has been offered to the public on which they can so surely depend for relief and cure as this elegant and truly wonderful preparation.—There is now every reason to hope an infallible remedy has at length been found for the scourge and terror of our climate—Disease of the Lungs.

**Sold in East Thomaston by C A MACOMBER and R T SLOCOMB; Thomaston, Redlon & Jordan; Warren, S B Wetherbee. 40 2mois

Invaluable
FAMILY COMPANION.

SIX Lectures on Causes, Prevention and Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, and all Female Diseases. 234 pages, 23 engravings. Paper 50 cts; bound 75 cts. Mail to any part—postage 9 1-2 cts.

Shoulder Braces and Chest Expanders, $2. Mail to any part, 50 cts. postage. Inhaling Tubes, Silver, by mail, letter postage. Abdominal Supporters, perfect, $8 to $10, for all Ruptures, Falling of the Bowels and Womb, and Weak Back and Chest; sent by Express everywhere. For Braces or Supporters, or Rupture Supporters, give height from head to foot, and circumference of person next the surface, just above the hips. If Rupture, mention which side. Agents wanted for the sale of the above goods. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, 707 Broadway, New York, post paid. C. A. MACOMBER, Agent.

March 24th 1848. no x 1y

Fire Insurance.

THE undersigned is authorized to receive applications for the insurance of all kinds of Real and Personal property, and to transact other business for the following Fire Insurance Companies, viz: the New England, Columbian, Holyoke, Bowditch, Rockingham, Atlantic, Portsmouth, Monmouth, Maine Mammouth, and Farmer's and Mechanics'. J. C. COCHRAN.

Aug. 22 3m 31.

Balsam of Liverwort and Hoarhoun.

AN established and effectual remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis difficulty of breathing, Quinsey, spitting of blood, Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs, Liver complaint, &c. The above remedy is already known throughout all the New England States,—a fresh supply is just received and for sale at SLOCOMB'S Apothecary Store, East Thomaston. 40 1y

Quadrille Band.

MR. JOHN COLLINS, Leader of the East Thomaston Brass Band, and for the last seven years a member of the Boston Brass and Cornet Bands, would respectfully give notice to the citizens of East Thomaston and vicinity, that he is prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Assemblies, private parties, &c.

Also, for sale, a large collection of Music arranged for Brass and Cotillion Bands. Orders addressed to John Collins, East Thomaston, will be punctually attended to.

Oct. 17th, 1848 2m39

Dr. Wm. Gage's
Unrivaled Compound Vegetable Panacea

IT is one of the best Medicines ever offered to the public for the cure of Coughs, swelling of the Limbs, Croup, sore Eyes, Head Ache, Tooth ache, Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Lameness of the stomach, &c., and for Burns and Scalds a never failing cure.

J. WAKEFIELD, Agent.

Life and Health Insurance.

THE undersigned has the Agency of several Life Insurance Companies, and also of several Health Insurance Companies, which are ranked among the best Institutions of the kind, and would be pleased to receive applications for policies at his office. J. C. COCHRAN.

Aug. 22, 7t 3m.

For the Hair.

GENUINE BUFFALO OIL, one of the most popular remedies, for bettering the hair, strengthening its roots, and preventing its falling off, and imparts a beautiful gloss.—For sale at 40 1y SLOCOMB'S.

POLLARD'S Rose for Dressing, for sale by I. WAKEFIELD